

ROWBOAT HEROES HAD A NARROW ESCAPE.

Harvo and Samuelson in a Severe Storm While Crossing the Atlantic.

Their Small Craft Capsized and They Lost All Their Provisions.

Had to Secure Food and Water from the Masters of Passing Ships.

DRIVEN FAR OUT OF THEIR COURSE.

For Nearly a Week the Daring Oarsmen Had an Adverse Wind to Contend with—Both in Good Condition.

By Julian Ralph.

London, Aug. 4.—Full details were published to-day of the adventurous voyage of Harvo and Samuelson in the rowboat Fox, which reached Scilly last Saturday. Harvo reports that they left New York at 5 p. m., June 8, and proceeded under oars with favorable weather until June 16, when they sighted the North German Lloyd steamer Fuerst Bismarck, bound to New York, the master of which vessel offered to take them back again, but they declined.

Owing to strong winds they were driven northward to the banks of Newfoundland, and July 1 they spoke to the schooner Lender and requested the master to report them all well.

In a Severe Storm.

July 7 they encountered a heavy gale from the west, and had great difficulty in keeping the boat free, the sea continually breaking on board, keeping one of them bailing. The gale continued with more or less force until 9 p. m. of July 10, when a heavy sea struck and capsized the Fox, throwing them into the water. After a few minutes they succeeded in fighting her and getting on board and bailing her out. All their provisions, anchor, cooking utensils, signal lights and several other articles which were not lashed to the boat were lost.

After the accident they suffered severely from the cold, having to remain in their wet clothing.

Continued Toward the East.

Shortly afterward the weather moderated, and the wind, continuing fair, they proceeded eastward. On July 15 they boarded the Norwegian bark Otto, from Quebec for Pembroke, and were supplied with water and provisions, and again, when about 400 miles west of Scilly, on July 24, they spoke the Norwegian bark Eugen, from Halifax for Swansea, and obtained from her a small supply of bread and water.

Both men are in good health, and look weatherbeaten by long exposure. They pulled two pairs of sculls during the day, and at night kept watch of 3½ hours interval, one man pulling while the other man slept.

BIG BILL AT HIS BARBER'S.

Butcher and Lots of Other Creditors After Commissioner Lightall, but He Says He Can't Pay.

Almer H. Lightall, whose domestic troubles first brought him before the public, and whose inability to satisfy the claims of several storekeepers have caused him to appear frequently in supplementary proceedings, was in court again yesterday before Justice Stover, in Special Term, Part II, of the Supreme Court.

Lightall, who is one of the Commissioners of the Park Avenue Improvement, and a well-known engineer, was arrested about three weeks ago at Bath Beach on a warrant obtained by his wife for abandonment and non-support, and on his plea of illness he was placed under arrest while in bed. When he appeared in court yesterday, several lawyers who said they represented judgment creditors confronted him. One of these acted for a barber, who obtained a judgment against Lightall for \$22 for "shaves." Another represented a butcher, who is anxious to know what prospect he has of collecting a bill of \$80 for meats. Lightall claims that he is entirely dependent upon his income of \$250 a month received as a Commissioner of the Park Avenue Improvement. Mrs. Olive Lightall, his daughter-in-law, accompanied the Commissioner in court yesterday. The young woman had a very poor memory. She said she went out driving occasionally with her husband and father-in-law, but she did not know whether he had paid the rent of the cottage he occupies at Bensonhurst; neither did she know whether he had paid her father-in-law's house, in Ninety-sixth street, had been removed. The examination was thereupon adjourned.

FUNERAL OF MISS PURROY.

Many City and County Officials Present at St. Xavier's Church.

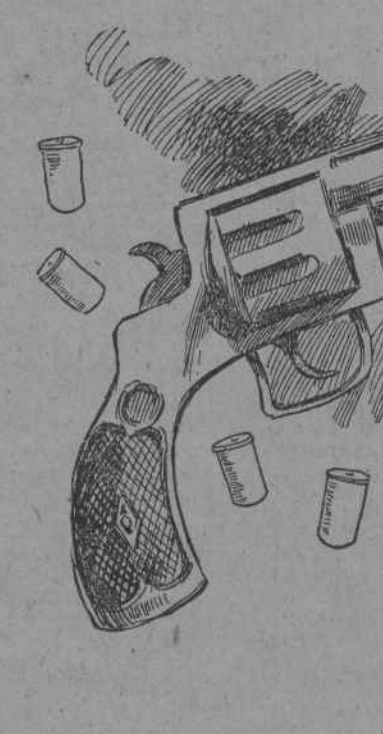
The funeral of Mrs. Salome Purroy, sister of Henry D. Purroy, County Clerk, took place yesterday morning at St. Francis Xavier's Church, in Sixteenth street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues. The regular high mass was celebrated by Father McKinnon, assisted by the full choir of the church.

The church was crowded with friends, among whom were school teachers from Public School No. 53, of which Miss Purroy was principal for several years. Among those who attended were Jacob Sealbald, James A. Goughen, ex-postmaster of the Van Cort, Fire Chief Bonner, Commissioner Louis Hoffman, Battalion Fire Chiefs McLean, Shay and Conney, Deputy Tax Commissioner James Dugan, ex-Judge Bernard Martin, J. Fairfax McLaughlin, and many other city and county employees. Miss Purroy was in her fifty-third year, and had been ill only a few days before she died.

Fast Trains to the Seashore.

The Central Railroad of New Jersey is now operating eleven trains to and from the seashore week days, with an extra train Saturdays. Trains leaving foot of Liberty street at 5:30 and 4:45 p. m., and those leaving Asbury Park at 7:30 and 8:05 a. m. make the run in one hour and twenty-five minutes, which is the fastest time made between these two points. The Sandy Hook route, from Pier 8, North River, in connection with the trains of the New Jersey Southern division at Atlantic Highlands, also offers an unusually attractive service.

FRANK LOMEO



MRS. LOMEO

HUSBAND THRICE WOUNDS HIS WIFE AND THEN KILLS HIMSELF.

Out of five shots which Frank Lomeo fired yesterday in a frenzy of jealous rage only one brought sudden death. That was the last. The bullet, directed by his own hand, entered his brain. He had made his wife come to America against her will, and they were never happy.

WIFE TOO ROBUST TO BEAT.

Borchert Says He is Feeble, and Opposes Her Suit for a Separation.

Justice Smyth, in the Supreme Court yesterday, denied the application of Mrs. Bertha Borchert, of No. 331 East Forty-sixth street, for alimony and counsel fees, from her husband, Frederick, pending the trial in her suit for a separation.

The couple were married July 31, 1890, and the plaintiff alleged that her husband has continually ill treated her, and that once last summer he attacked her with a knife and threatened to kill her. Borchert denied all these allegations. He is frail and feeble. He presented an affidavit that his wife is strong and robust, weighing 175 pounds, whereas he is in feeble health. He alleges that his wife is largely responsible for the waywardness of his stepdaughter, and that because he reprimanded she threatened to prosecute him.

BICYCLISTS RUN DOWN.

Two New York Riders Severely Injured at Long Branch. Long Branch, N. J., Aug. 4.—Miss Kitty Mitchell and George Jacobs, of New York, were run over and severely injured this afternoon while riding their bicycles on Broadway. Miss Mitchell's wheel was hit by a stage driven by William Pierce. She was thrown to the asphalt and sustained a fracture of the left ankle. Mr. Jacobs was injured about the body.

WALK-OVER FOR INVIA.

Smith's Roller Failed to Come to Tally, and Johnson's Crusher Took the Fort-Money.

"All yer got to do Walter," said Contractor Johnson, "is ter gye 'er all the steam yer can git. Then put on all the oil yer can git. Then open 'er up and if he don't beat eight mile an hour I'm a Dutchman!"

Those were Contractor Johnson's instructions to the Jockey Walter Taylor who was to ride his 38,000 pound roller on the great race against Contractor Smith's road roller. But it all came to naught, because Contractor Smith's roller did not put in an appearance at the rendezvous at Richmond and Clove roads, Staten Island, at the appointed time yesterday afternoon.

The Johnson roller named Invia reached the race track at 4 p. m., puffing and blowing off steam at a great rate. With it in a luggy came Johnson puffing and blowing from the heat and looking at his watch expectantly. A crowd of cyclists and people from the Country Club and trolley passengers congregated at the cross roads. Smith's roller was said to be still at work over by the paper mill, three miles away. Smith was said to have told his Jockey Bradley to "win or bust!" It was also said that he had taken out her "soft plug" whatever that may be, and put in a "hard plug." That redoubled the interest in her expected arrival.

But the Smith roller never came. Johnson's roller waited impatiently at the post. At 6 o'clock Johnson ordered her over the course. Snorting, puffing and rumbling like a thunder storm, she got under way and went a mile down the Clove road and back. Johnson rubbed his

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OUT OF MISERY BY TRAGEDY'S GATE.

Mrs. Lomeo's Husband Meant Murder, but Perhaps He Has Set Her Free.

He Is Dead by His Own Hand, but Though Thrice Shot by Him, She May Live.

UNHAPPY IN THEIR POOR HOME.

She Had Been Made to Come from Italy Against Her Will and Perhaps the Prophecy of Her Faith Is Now Fulfilled.

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three wounds, is two years younger than was her husband. She is tall and has the dark features of her race. Her family is of the best in rural Italy.

They were married twelve years ago in the village of Spino, in Italy. One day Lomeo was walking past their home with a lieutenant of the Italian army. The officer was in uniform. All the young women watched him as he passed, and one of them was the young wife of Lomeo. The lieutenant did not know her and smiled at her in response to the glance of admiration. Lomeo was infuriated, and grasping a piece of iron, struck the lieutenant across the head.

From that time the couple quarrelled frequently. Finally after five years of domestic misery, they separated, and Lomeo came to America. His last position was with the Navy Yard, where he was so prosperous there that he sent for his wife. He said if she did not come he would return to his quiet life in Italy, his child and himself. Then the woman left her father's big country home, and six weeks ago, she and her daughter were taken to the miserable quarters Lomeo had rented on the top floor of the tenement house at No. 75 Sullivan street.

From the first day the husband was madly jealous. He soon lost his place at the Navy Yard. On Monday night he did not go home, and early yesterday morning he bought a revolver. Then he went to the barber shop of Michael Flerin, at No. 90 Sullivan street, and asked:

"Do you charge more for shaving a corpse?"

"Yes," replied the barber. "Then I'll get shaved now," answered Lomeo.

He reached his home at 7 o'clock. His wife opened the door with a word of child-like reproach, and he replied with a word of rage. He followed her to the bedroom, in which their daughter Maude was sleeping. While the mother was leaning over the child to awaken her, he fired a bullet into her head. She screamed, and, taking her daughter in her arms, rushed into the front room. The child cried to her father to stop, but he again fired. Mrs. Lomeo had raised her right hand, and the bullet passed through it.

Then mother and daughter leaped to the fire escape, crouching as far in the corner as they could. Lomeo followed them to the window and fired two shots. One missed, and the other struck Mrs. Lomeo in